THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

DECEMBER 22, 1889.

A CITY'S SEAMY SIDE,

Exploring the Crowded By-Ways of Whitechapel.

HAUNTS OF THE RIPPER.

What Was Seen in the Royal London Theater for One Penny.

A CHEAP RESAURANT IN LONDON

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



shudders, for "Jack the Ripper" and his gruesome deeds come to the mind. And yet one cannot but have a sort of euriosity to see the place and the people from whom so fiendish a monster could spring-if, indeed, he is one of the teeming thousands who inhabit the scene of his

It was this curiosity which led me to explore the regions of Whitechapel; and one pleasant evening we took the "yaller 'bus" in front of the Bank of England, wherein



Extending a Warm Welcome.

is piled up wealth enough to make all the poor in London rich, and leaving to our left the Royal Exchange, where England's shrewdest business men listen daily to the shrewdest business men listen daily to the heart-beats of the financial world, go up Cornhill and along Leadenhall street until we come out on Whitechapel road.

It is a wide street—the widest we have

seen in the metropolis-but none too spaclous to accommodate the seething, surging tide of humanity which presses along in crassless procession. It is between 7 and 8 o'clock. The thousands of men and women, girls and boys and children who have been penned up in factory, shop and close room, hard at work, all day long, are now out for recreation and sport. The shops—dingy and small the most of them, but apparently grammed to the roof with goods—are filled with customers, while the busier market on the street, "the constant fair" of which Besant speaks, is a sight not soon forgotten; for here are peddlers, hawkers, chesp Johns, quack doctors, street preachers, temperance orators, the Salvation Army, organ grinders, flower girls, street singers, slight of hand performers all talking at the top of their voices, here one urging the crowds to embrace an opportunity to buy which may never come again, there another beseeching them to accept a free salvation ere it is everlastingly too late, singing, playing, praying, pleading, jostling and crowding along, all very much in earnest, all good humored.

And where do all the children come from? Surely such troops of them are found nowhere else on earth. They are here in droves, bareheaded, barefooted, dirty and ragged, darting through the crowd, dodging miraculously the horses' teet and the wheels



The Heroine and the Villain of vehicles, playing in the gutters and on doorsteps, apparently healthy, and if not happy, then their glee is certainly well

ricited.

PALACES FOR THE POOR. The buildings are old, mostly small, and certainly far from imposing in appearance-with the exception of the public houses. These are ornate and gay beyond compare, and put their humble surroundings to blush. Their great double-doors swing on noiseless hinges, the windows are of stained glass, ornamented with many a strange device, while the floors and walls are set with gay tiles. The "private bar,"
for the refreshment of those who are
too good to mix their company
or their drink with the common
herd, the "ladies" bar," where fair creatures and gay as to conversation, sip their glasses in respectable seclusion, are furnished in magnificent style, while even the general bar, a sort of common ground where all, old and young, men, women and children, crowd to drown their sorrows and augment their joys, is gorgeous with brass and gilding and

It is a study to note the people there. There are so many types of character. Rough, bearded workingmen taking their 'arf o' bitter and going quietly home; rough-looking men who evidently don't work much, and whom we wouldn't care to meet in a lenely place after dark; swaggering young bloods who call the barmaids by their first names with transfelling assurance; women

with babes in their arms, to whose lips they press the glass after they have inhibed of its contents themselves; young girls, scarcely in their teens, yielding to the persuasions of their "chaps" and taking "just a dron;" old, toothless women, drinking fiery gin and garnishing their animated conversation with many a "sex I" and "sex she." Wrecks of manhood, wrecks of womanhood, wrecks of childhood, even, all are here clutching at



the cup which sinks them deeper in degradation and despair. Nor is the picture altogether without its amusing side, for there are those who are drunk and want to sing, those who are drunk and thirst for gore, those who are drunk and desire only to sleep, but none of these enjoyments are permitted them, and they are unceremo-niously bundled out on the street, where a policeman orders them to "move on," and they stagger along with the great proces-

sion.

These public houses are to be seen on every side. They are the curse of that section. Other houses are old and shabby, but these are bright and gay; other places are deserted, these are always full; shops may have no customers, the bars are ever busy. Why so many of them are licensed, and why they are permitted to sell apparently indiscriminately to old and young, drunk and sober, is a mystery, and one cannot help thinking that if any place on earth needs a Judge White it is East London. A CORDIAL INVITATION.

We stroll along until a crowd, principally children, in front of a tittle, low building attracts our attention. There is a sign displayed, "The Royal London Theater," and a rusty old curtain is draped across the front of the house. A red-faced gentleman in top boots, and whose voice is in the last stages of huskiness, invites the people to come in.

"Do not delay, good people," he cries.
"Ere's your chance to witness the grand dramy of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' hin three hacts, to be followed by a screamin' fawce hentitled 'Three-haporth o' Cheese.'
We 'ave just returned from a tower of the Provinces, where we heverywhere met with hunexampled success. Hour company hin-cludes Mr. Hedward Mortimer, the world-renowned tragedian; Miss Clara Fitz'erbert, renowned tragedian; Miss Clara Fitz'erbert, the great hemotional hactress; hand halso, Billy Kirk, the comegian, who 'as brought smiles to the faces of two 'emispheres. Hadmission honly a penny; children a 'apenny. Come forward now while seats may be secured. That you may know what sort of a hentertainment awaits you, the company will come to the front of the 'ouse and give you a hexibition of their powers."

The talented troupe came out and Billy The talented troupe came out and Billy Kirk, an old man who looked about as



to the uproarious o'elight of the children, after which Mr. Mortimer, a sallow gentleman with flowing locks of black, trod a graceful measure with Miss Fitzherbert. A last appeal against further delay was made by the husky individual, and then the bell rang for the curtain to rise. We gave a sixpence to the lady at the ticket office, who produced the fourpence change from a mysterious pocket, apparently located somewhere in the innermost recesses of her being,

and went in. seating facilities consisted of two planks placed on boxes. The very select audience was made up of two disreputable-looking old men, two young women, three young men, an old man who smoked a long clay pipe during the performance, nine small boys and ourselves—the entire house amounting to thirteenpence-hapenny. The husky gentleman sound sents for us by knocking two unfortunate small boys off a plank, and the curtain went up.

A DEAMATIC TREAT. What a drama that was! We almost break our hearts laughing at the old comedian's jests, while Mr. Mortimer was tragically ridiculous. He trod the eight by ten stage with majestic stride, and murdered the gipsy malden's noble lover and the Queen's English wifh equal ruthlessess. Miss Fitzherbert, as the gipsy maiden, was by turns "sweetly solemn, wildly sad."
"Ere comes me father," she cried. "Ho! will 'e give me a father's blessin' or a father's curse?"

Her parent, a stout gentleman in a blue Her parent, a stout gentleman in a blue silk jacket, corduroy trousers and a battered Derby hat, soon dispelled her doubts, for he cursed her in "good, set terms" and drove her from the Romany camp. A weak-kneed young man, who continually forgothis lines and was alternately prompted and sworn at in audible tones from the wings, killed symeone tor no discernible symeone. killed someone, for no discernible reason, but declared before ""igh 'eaven, hi honly hintended to wing 'im!" At last the curtain went down on the only scene, an inter-

mission of ten minutes was announced, and the husky gentleman again besought those outside no longer to delay. By this time it is 11 o'clock. The crowd on the streets show no signs of diminution, and the fun seems even more bilarious. We leave the "Royal Theater" and look around for a guide to take us into that section made notorious by the murders. Strange to say, those whom we approach manifest a disinclination to give any information. At last we find a young gentleman moistening his clay at the "Lamb and Fiag" who tenders us his services. He introduces himself as "J. Sharp, Esq." and informs us that he nightly supports Isabel Bateman in the drama of "Jane Shore" at the Pavilion Theater, assuming the arduous part of populace. on the streets show no signs of diminution

ing men who evidently don't work much, and whom we wouldn't care to meet in a lenely place after dark; swaggering young bloods who call the barmaids by their first names with irresistible assurance; women Garden streets come out on Hamburg street.

We are now about the center of the scenes

Merriment and Joy Despite Unfavorable

We are now about the center of the scenes of London's most startling tragedies. It is a forbidding neighborhood. The houses are low and mean looking, the shutters on most of the windows being closely shut. The streets are narrow and ill-lighted. The cross streets seem almost deserted, but those leading from the road are thronged. Public houses abound, of course, all of them crowded, and the noises are suggestive, sometimes of revelry, sometimes of riot. Groups of women, mostly young, many not over 15, come out and go along, apparently hall-crazed with drink and excitement. Singing, shouting, laughing, the echoes of their wretched glee come back from the dark, dismal streets like the abricks of the lost. Hades could hardly hold a sadder scene than this.

AN EAST END EATING HOUSE.

AN EAST END EATING HOUSE. At one corner is a large eating house, where the coarsest food is served. Fish, sausages and fried onions seem their specialties. The process of cooking can be seen through the windows, and scores of hungry eyes watch the viands sizzling in the grease. There is quite a crowd, and the waiters are selling pennyworths and halfpennyworths of their delicacies on all sides. Children buy a sausage and divide it on the curbby a sausage and divide it on the curp-stone. Old women mumble at a slice of bread spread with onions and lick their skinny fingers after the savory feast. Bough-looking men, with red handkerchie's about their necks, tear a fish to pieces and chew it regardless of bones. A gaunt, hollow-eyed woman, holding to her breast a pale, sickly baby, begs a penny and buys a fish. Before tasting it herself, she picks the bones from two or three mouthfuls and gives them to the babe in her arms. Then ravenously de-vouring the remainder, she folds the child in the corner of her scanty shawl and flits away into the darkness.

It is thus all over—wild, reckless, defiant

drunkenness and debauchery, or abject, de-graded poverty and want. One looks in vain for a ray or spark of good. It is not there. The better side of human nature seems utterly gone. There is nothing left but that which is unlovely, coarse, hardened,

wile, lost.

We have had enough, and take a short cut to Brick lane. As we pass along a narrow, dark cross street, a man comes out from the darkness of an alley and looks at us. The light of a lamp on the other side ahows his face, thin and ghastly pale, with large black eyes, deeply sunken, but gleaning with a strange glare. In one hand he carries a black oilcloth satchel. There is something about his glance which makes one's flesh creep.

"Mr. Hyde!" I involuntarily whispered to my componion

to my companion.

"Jack the Ripper!" he answers. At which the tragedian from the Pavilion Theater incontinently takes to his heels, nor do we overtake him until the lights and

do we overtake him until the lights and crowd on Brick lane restore him to composure. We readily accept his rather lame apologics, for, as Mr. Snagsby would say, "not to put too fine a point upon it," we had felt somewhat like burrying ourselves. We are soon back on Whitechapel road, and dismissing J. Sharp, Esq., with his reward, we go to the Metropolitan Railway station to await our train. Here we find Mr. Billy Kirk, the ancient comedian of the "Boyal London Theater," accompanied by a fresh-faced, houest looking young man, evidently his son. We strike up a conversation, and learn that on their way to the station the young man had taken his father into a public house with the fillal intention of buying a "dram" for him. A dispute with the bar keeper over the payment had led to a score of ruffianly hangers-on attacking them, and only the timely arrival of the police saved them from serious trouble.

A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN. A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

The old actor was greatly worked up. He paced the platform with the stride of a Kemble or Macready, and grew more tragic

with each word.
"Talk habout yer Hinglish fairplay!" he cried. "Where do yer get it? Who gives "Talk habout yer Hinglish fairplay!" he cried. "Where do yer get it? Who gives it yer? What 'll they do? Ureep up be-'ind yer, 'it yer hin the neck hand jump hon yer when yer down. His that the way Britons used to fight? His that the way they does hin Hamerica? No! Hi've been there, hand I know them her 'art. Hin Hamerica no carrianness haver. by 'art. Hin Hamerica no gentleman hever raises 'is 'and to hanother. Hif two gents quarrel they don't go hat heach hother with their 'ands, but they looks themselves hup hin a dark room, ties one 'and be'ind their backs, drors their bowie knives, hand there, halone hand hin darkness, they fights by the hear, hand not by the heye.

During this bloodcurdling recital he crosses one hand behind his back and darts

om one side of the platform to the other, dealing furious cuts and slashes at an imaginary foe. With artiul flattery we say:
"Sir, you ought to be on the stage."
"E's hon hit now," cries the son in a delighted aside, at which we express gratified surprise.

"Honly a poor clown, gents," says Mr.
Kirk in a self-deprecatory sort of a way,
"only a clown. 'A poor player, that struts
hand frets is hour hupon the stage, hand
then his heard no more.' The time was—but
no matter, no matter," and he waves the
part away with gloomy sternness. Just no matter, no matter, and he waves the part away with gloomy steraness. Just then the snorting trains rush in out of the darkness of the underground lines, and he and his son go their way, and we go ours.
HENRY HALL,

A JOKE ON HIS AUNT.

The Bad Boy Gets In Trouble by Asking Impertinent Questions.

Detroit Free Press. 1 There is a small boy in this town who seldom speaks but when he does he always

dom speaks but when he does he always says something smart. His latest is this. His elderly maiden aunt was entertaining a young beau, and they were looking over some pictures in an old book filled with works of ancient art.

'How charming those costumes!" remarked the aunt gusningly; "how I wish I had lived in those days when people wore such beautiful clothes."

"Well, didn't you?" piped in a shrill voice at her elbow, and a moment later a small boy went to bed with a tear in his small boy went to bed with a tear in his



Mr. Milkitt-Have you any real spring



CHRISTMAS IN CAMP

Mrs. General Custer Tells of a Yule-Tide on the Frontier.

A JOLLY DINNER IN THE BARRACKS

Circumstances. MAKING GIPTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Sometimes I think our Christmas on the frontier was a far greater event to us than to anyone in the States, we all had to do so much to make it a success. Our ingenuity was taxed to the utmost, as we had no tempting shop windows to point out to us by their beguiling beauty what would be "just the thing" for this or that one. "My brain reels," said one of my pretty friends, and she ran her fingers through her bangs in a most reckless manner, furrowed her brow, thus proving that the "reeling!" was going on, and I knew that the rapid approach of December 28 was the cause, "I have

made John a smoking jacket, slip-pers and all the stereotyped presents for men, and last summer, while the campaign was keeping our people in the field, I made him a robe-de-nuit that he said was so beruffied and befrilled he knew he would mistake his identity, and that if I clothed mistake his identity, and that if I clothed him in such purple and fine linen—for I even put in line ribbon—he would surely take himself for semebody else, which meant me. Now, what shall I make this year?" This despair was brought to an end by a happy thought. An old cap was ripped, the visor, which had survived the tooth of time, was rubbed and oiled into freshness, and the "exect cape" we all proposured. and the "exact copy" we all promounced equal to the best work of a military hatter.

The really difficult part of the work was the insignia of the crossed sabres for the cavalry, and the number 7 of our regiment underneath, worked in bullion. The latter was obtained by rubbing a pair of tarnished

was obtained by rubbing a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps, turning the golden thread, which was still bright on the under side, and using it for the new work.

Whatever we did we were obliged to con-oct under very trying circumstances, if we attempted secrecy, for our men were always in and out of the house dozens of times a day. We had no opportunities for long, uninterrupted sessions of occupation, as do women in the States, where the husband goes to his avocations in the merning and does not appear until 6 at night. The officers' day began at reveille, when they went to roll-call, then came stables, guard-mounting, inspecting the mers drill perhaps ing, inspecting the mess, drill, perhaps court-martial duty and dress parade, stables again, retreat and tattoo roll-call. It will be easily seen that they were flying in and out of their quarters between these various duties all day long.

SECRECY AND CELEBITY.

I watched for months a horse's head being stitched into canvas for a sofa pillow. No real horse had a more active life. When the sound of a clanking sabre and the jingle of spurs announced the arrival of the head of the house, the work was rolled in a heap, thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with the best fish is a fresh fish."

A company of diners-out got into a warm discussion as to which bird should be promounced the finest for the table. Some favored the woodcock; others set the canvasanyone who vied with him in speed.

A Seventh Cavalry bride attempted with great trepidation the manufacture of her first masculine garment—a smoking jacket. It was impossible to make a success without ianumerable tryings on, so she impressed the striker (soldier servant) into her service. He was a model of neatness and respect, and as he was about the size of his captain, and had little else to do but stand and be fitted, the garment was gradually smoothed into beautiful shape. While the scissors snipped and the needle flew in the busy fingers, the striker stood gdard in the hall or on the porch. If he saw his captain coming home across the parade ground, he came to approunce the arrival but should be came to announce the arrival, but should he appear unawares from another direction, a lively little tune whistled in the corridor was the warning that sent the jacket flying into the depths of the closet, while the little bride, with a conscious blush, met her husband at the door, trying to look as if holi-

day presents had never entered her mind.

The Christmas dinner was a feast that required long and earnest search in gathering the materials for its construction. If we chanced to be near a little town-and few forts on the frontier are without a village just outside the very edge of a Government reservation—no one rode through the place without throwing a calculating glance into every yard or about the door yard of the less pretentious huts. A chicken, duck or turkey was quickly noted, and the owner was called out to find a booted and spurred cavalryman at the door, who accosted him with the areal frontier explanation. with the usual frontier salutation : "I say, stranger, can I engage my Christmas dinner

CHRISTMAS FARE.

Once we were thrown into a state of envy Once we were thrown into a state of envy by one of our officers, who surprised us on the long-looked-for holiday by roast pig. The apple that distended the jaws of the toothsome little animal might well stand for the apple of discord, until we found how much he paid for the piece de resistance of his dinner table. Naturally he would have his dinner table. Naturally he would have to pay well, for every one out there in that country that was just begun, was anxious to increase his stock. That same dinner, we had as an ingredient of the soup tiny birds that were delicious. They reminded us forcibly of the nursery rhyme, "Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." That winter was extremely cold, and there was no sign of insect or animal life on the That winter was extremely cold, and there was no sign of insect or animal life on the blenk plains except these hardy little snow birds. The ground about the stables where the horses were fed and groomed was black with this awarming bird life. They were very tame and sattled themselves all over the horses. Sometimes an animal's back was completely outlined from the ears to the tail with these tiny chattering creatures. But no one bad thought until this Christmas feest of utilizing them.

Though one of the remote garrisons in which we were stationed had enough people within its limits to make a good-sized town, there were but three-children of officers. The row of houses occupied by the laundresses row of houses occupied by the laundresses had the usual orasaments to the front door and steps that is common to the Irishman, but the three youngsters in the garrison were all the child life we saw, and they were idols in their way. One mother gave up from the start trying to celebrate with a Christmas tree, but the others persisted. Notwithstanding that even on a summer's day we looked as far as the eye could see on the sunburnt grass of the plains,

WITHOUT A TREE, or hardly a twig of green; still, the fond mother somehow seemed to believe that should anyone go far enough they would either find an evergreen, or else, by some necromancy of the nineteenth century, a withered tree would be made to put forth foliage especially for her boy. The child's "paternal" sent a detail of men from his company in every direction, but no signs of green could be found in that desert land. Then the commanding officer, now deeply interested in the cause, sent another detail of men for a radius of 40 miles around the post, but with no success. The soldiers, tired of the tedium of their confined winter lite in garrrison without drills, parades, or life in garrrison without drills, parades, or scouts, undertook even more than was re-quired of them, but the search was hope-

branches of this she covered with green tissue paper, and ent leaves out for its sparse foliage. Fortunately, there were tapers at the sutler's, for these stores, of which there is one at every post, are like a village shop, where the merchant starts out by buying "a little of everything," and as years advanced the old-time things are shoved back on the shelves, or put out of sight, for there can be no "clearing out" sales on the borders of civilization. Among this surplus stock, a box of the old Noah's ark occupants was unearthed, and a few of the wooden toys dating back to the childhood of our oldest officer. The stiff little trees, with their verdant tops of curled shavings stained a vivid green, were not more prim than the wooden soldiers, with the wonderful chest development, who grasped rigidly an old-time gun; but the little king at this revelry reached just as greedily for the ramrod-like soldier as he did for the colored glass balls or the apples bristling with cloves which or the apples bristling with cloves which awayed over his head.

A CHEERFUL DAY. If one only considers that we were hundreds of miles from a railroad, that it was the dead of winter, and that it was only with the greatest difficulty, and even at the risk of life, that our mail reached us, it will be understood what obstacles were surmounted to celebrate even a baby's holiday. mounted to celebrate even a baby's holiday.

Our universal custom was for all of us to spend all the time we could together. All day-long the officers were running in and out of every door; the "Wish you Merry Christmas" rang out over the parade ground after any man who was crossing to attend to some duty, and had not shown up among us. We usually had a sleighride, and every one sang and laughed as we sped over the country, where there were no neighbors to be disturbed by our gayety. If it was warm enough there poured out of garrison a cavaicade vehemently talking, gesticulating, laughing, or humming bars of Christmas carols remembered from childhood, or starting some wild college or convivial chorus where everybody announced

vivial chorus where everybody announced that they "wouldn't go home till morning," in notes very emphatic if not entirely The feast of the day over we adjourned from dinner to play some games of our child-hood, in order to make the States and our homes seem a little nearer. Later in the

homes seem a little nesrer. Later in the evening, when the music came up from the band quarters, everyone came to the house of the commanding officer to dance.

With a garrison full of perfectly healthful people with a determination to be merry, notwithstanding the isolated life and utterly dreary surroundings, the holidays were made something to look forward to the whole year round.

ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

ALL UNANIMOUSLY APPROVED.

musing Replies of Experts and Epicares to Perplexing Questions.

Youth's Companion.] An epicure, who was also an ardent sportsman, was asked suddenly to name the best fish. He was greatly embarrassed, he says. He thought of the delicious smelt, of the salmon, of the shad, of the Spanish mackerel, and the more he thought the more impossible became the decision. Then

thrust under a lounge, or in a drawer, with a celerity that increased with practice; for the quick movements of an active cavalryman necessitated great haste on the part of back duck at the head; a Philadelphia man stood up for the reed bird; a Western man talked about the grouse and the pheasant and one or two would have it that none of

these were equal to the grass ployer.

Finally it was agreed to leave the question to the cook. He hesitated, looked from one man to another, and scratched his head. Then he delivered himself thus:

"Gemmen, 'pears to me dat de best bird am the American eagle, nicely spread out on a silvah dollah." His verdict was approved and he got the

THE ANT AS A FIGHTER. The Little Insect Remarkable for Its Pagancity. Prof. Morse in Globe Democrat.)

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method of fighting is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after all their legs have been bitten off by other auts. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death grip to one another, making a peculiar spectacle some with a leg gone and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains. This knowledge is pos-sessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, South America, who put the safe to South America, who put the ants to a very

peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of baving the flesh sewed together as the physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh and thus pull the two sides of the gash to-gether. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants and leaves their heads clinging to the flesh, which is held together until the gash is perfectly healed.

TRYING TO COOK SNOW.

A Chloaman Much Surprised Because the Stuff Melted Away. Youth's Companion.;

A little California girl, finding snow in the plazza corners one morning, and supposing it to be a-new sort of flour, made up several "patty cakes," and gravely took them into the kitchen to cook them.

She put them on top of the range at the back, and went out at once for more "dough." When she returned, her mother's Chinese cook stood by the range with a broad grin on his usually stolid face. "O Sam, did you go and est my cookies?"

"Fire eatee Lily's cooky," answered the amiling Sam.

After the little girl's mother had been called, and had explained the mystery, Sam told how he also had once been deceived as to the nature of snow.

Sam had been a laundryman in San Fran-cisco when he first came to America, and it was quite natural that he should apply tife unknown substance to the uses of his trade.

"Me no findee snow a' China, all samee here," he said. "Me findee heap snow down San F'an'sco one day. Me catchee pan full, all samee starch! Hot water! Starch all gone, all samee Jily's cooky." gone, all samee Lily's cooky."

A Gory Mishap.



Still undaunted, the doting woman thought out a way. Down by the river the akeleton of what had been a green cotton-wood supling in the summer was cut the proper height, and fastened upright in a box standard in the sitting room. The

HAWSLEYS.

The Lights and Shadows That Fell on the Manuscripts of Three Sermons.

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE and MARION WHITE

The ethical portions of this story, as expressed by "James Pardee," are contributed to the rork by Dr. Talmage. The plot and narrative are by Mrs. White.

CHAPTER I.



a D. D. at the end of all. That is to say, I am a clergyman; and I have a pastorate out in Minnesota, where I do my chosen work far away from my old friends, but among plenty of new ones, and so am not a complainant against my for-tune. Indeed, it is not about myself, except incidentally that I have taken my pen in hand to write.

Let me begin by setting the fact down that I can never pass a Christmas without thinking of the experiences which accompanied my preparation of three Christmas sermons. It came about through accidentally meeting Arthur Hawsley in Brondway, while I was on a visit to New York. I had gone East to be lazy during the holidays at the end of 1881, and was making a leisurely round of book stores, picture galleries and art museums, when I countered my old friend.

Arthur Hawsley and I had not met since quitting college. He was married, he said, and after we had exchanged the facts of our personal history, he took me by the arm, saying: "Now, I shan't let you off! You must come and take your dinner with us."
"But Mrs. Hawsley?" I demurred.

"Louise?" he responded; "she will be armed. An old friend like you-my best friend! She will be delighted to see you. Beside, I will make it a matter of duty. I live



beyond the Harlem river in a little suburban beyond the Harlem river in a little suburban on her way. One by one the captain village, where there is a church of your shortened the sails, keeping only the smaller denomination. The paster is ill. The con-gregation is threatened with the lack of a avoid the reefs we had to make a considersermon on Christmas Day. You shall come and preach it."

"I consent," I replied, "and I believe I New York for a week. I am as afraid of indolence as any reformed inebriate is afraid of the wine cup. He knows if he shall take one glass he will be flung back into in-ebrizey. And I am afraid if I should take one loug pull of nothing to do I would stop forever. So I will preach for your folks, if they wish it; and I will tell them that nothing is accomplished without work, hard work, continuous work, all-absorbing work, everlasting work. Domitian, the Roman Emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penkni'e; and there are people with imperial oppor-tunity who set themselves to some insignificant business. Oh, for something grand to do, and then concentrate all your energies of body, mind and soul upon that one thing, and nothing in earth or hell can stand be-



Man Overboard!

fore you. There is no such thing as good "I would like to talk with you about that," Arthur said; "about working with a purpose. So come right along home with

me."

Little Mrs. Arthur Hawaley was a pretty bride and housewife, in the cory home wherein I was introduced to her by my friend—yes, very pretty, with her big, wide-open eyes, her fresh color, the dimple in her right cheek when she smiled, and the fluffy blonds hair hanging almost over her eyes. When we three were seated about the table in the bright, cory dining room, with its cheerful fire hurning on the hearth, I felt like ejaculating, "Oh, the luck of Arthur Hawsley!" in spite of what I had remarked to him about there being no such thing as luck. The place seemed a domestic paradise. We are seated at table; outside the rain is pouring down in torrents; from the street can be heard hurried footsteps, sed the

rattling of vehicles over the stones. We are exhilarated by the feeling of comfort in such contrast with the dreary weather without. The dinner, too, is delicious. The servant has just brought on some little birds, nicely browned, dripping with juice, and altogether exquisite to look upon.

"Oh, how nice!" says little Mrs. Hawsley: "ouai!"

ley; "quail!"

"Pardon, my dearest," returned her husband; "these are not quails, but squabs."

"Oh, but, my dear, I am quite sure —"

"No, durling, they are squabs!"

'Squabs!" So it went on. Ah, Mrs. Hawsley, if you had only foreseen this moment! A quarrel within six months of the wedding day! She cried as if her heart would break. I can yet hear her despairing sobs. And what a silence there was otherwise in the room! I sat dumfounded in my place. I wanted to say something to set as recowanted to say something to act as peace-maker, but I couldn't think of the right



rather lugubriously. It seemed to me that, if I was to prepare a Christmas sermon in that house, the theme at hand would be con-

jugal felicity.

After quitting the table Arthur and I went to his library, where we were soon talking reminiscently, as old friends are apt to on meeting after a long separation.

"You have been abroad, then?" I remarked after the sound talking after a long separation.

that he had seen in a museum at Cairo.
"Oh, yea," he replied. "I have become
an Egyptologist—a veritable erank on the
subject—and you will be interested in my The storm had increased, and a bowling

gust of wind made Arthur shiver, although

e room was warm enough. "O, it isn't this storm that shakes me," he explained; "it is the recollection of one that our ship encountered. We had had a fair voyage, but as we approached the Gulf of Coron the sky began to darken. Squalls are fre-quent at this point of Greece, where the cur-rents from three seas meet, broken by the intervening promonotories of Morea. This evening the current from the Cerigo Channel was running dead against us. Night was falling, and the water was gray and was falling, and the water was gray and angry, the sky opaque and sullen. On our land side the high masses of Tavgetus shut off the horizon with their black wall; from the side toward Egypt the wind and the sea were breaking against us with a fierce roar. The sea grew rougher, and we were assailed by a squall of wind from the northeast. The channel was as black as ink, and the uneven gusts knocked the ship to and fro so that it was hard for her to keep on her way. One by one the captain able angle with the wind, which was growing stronger every minute. At the first turn of the tiller two heavy waves swept the deck. The boat reeled like a drunken man and will preach on the sin of laziness. I have leaned over so far that the starboard rail falt ashumed of myself for lolling about that he must take be more sail, and he shouted his orders to the quartermaster, who signaled them to the men. When the com-mand had been given no one stirred. It was necessary to climb to the top gallants, that is, to climb along a sail yard which was at that moment describing an arc of almost 90°. A second time the whistle sounded. The

> tain's anger rose, and he sprang toward them and cried: "You are fine sailors to be a'raid to go aloft." At this point in Hawsley's narrative a tap at the library door interrupted him; and in response to his "Come in!" a map entered. If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget his face. He was about 50, tall and muscular, with what people call a square head. His eyebrows met on his forehead in a straight line, his face was smooth, and his hair was shaggy and red. He was the incarnation of ob-

men seemed nailed to the deck. The cap-

and rod. He was the incarnation of obstinacy and brutal insensibility, if his face did not misrepresent his character.

"This is Josiah Buraham," said my friend, by way of introduction; and he added in a low tone to me: "He is a gardener, and he takes care of our little place here."

Then he raised his voice. "I had begun to tell Mr. Pardee of the loss of Martin's life." tell Mr. Pardee of the loss of Martin's life."

"Well, don't let me stop you," Josiah gruffly responded; "I weuldn't mind hearing it again myself," and he stood slouching by the door.

"Martin' Jeffries was the stepson of Josiah," Hawsley went ou. "He had been a sailor, but latterly had settled down here as a gardener with his stepfather. He was

a firm, stalwart young fellow, and if he were alive would be the husband of the girl of his choice. He had saved up \$1,000, by thrift and industry, and in a year more in-tended to set himself up in business. His mother was the custodian of his savings. He gave the money to her, dollar by dollar, and she deposited it in a bank as her owa. Well, when I planned my trip to Egypt, in quest of intiquities, I needed a stout, handy assistant, and Martin wasglad to go. He recoved a valuable and in cetting and mark. proved a valuable aid in getting and pack-ing my 'finds,' and he was returning with me when our ship sailed into the storm that

instant later, as the captain turned away to give an order, his voice was drowned by the crash of a piece of wood, followed after an interval of two or three seconds by the dull splash of a body falling into the water.

"Man overboard!" was the cry.

"The captain ordered a boat to be lowered. The sailors rushed toward it, but it had not been let down more than a few feet when the wind seized it, tore it from their hands, and dashed it to splinters against the side of the ship. Meanwhile, the vessel in obedience to the tiller, turned about and presented itself diagonally to the wind. The sails abruptly fell along the masts, and we were left to the merey of the mind and waves.



Poor Martin was clinging to a piece of the boat and rolled about by the waves."

Josiah Burnham was listening as eagerly to Hawley's account, as though he had not heard it a dozen times before, but his face was so strangely devoid of sympathy for his stepson that, at the time, I could not imagine that the adventure had proved serious.

"I demanded that an effort be made to rescue Martin," Hawley continued. "The captain shouted quickly to the officers and sailors: 'Can we try to save this man? Those who agree to it raise their hands; and be quick!' We stood under one of the lanterns, and the sailors were grouped about us waiting for the supreme decision. I declare to you, if it had been broad daylight one would have seen that these old seadogs were as pale as any seasick girl. They gave one rapid glance toward the horizon, the direction of the waves, the dark line of coast beyond. The ship was headed straight for the rocks. Each man shook his head, but no one raised a hand. Then the captain spoke to the crew:

"'Upon our consciences, we all declare that we can do nothing to save that man. God have mercy upon him.' Then, turning to the helmsman, he cried: 'Starboard, and straight ahead.'

"The ship turned again, offering her sails to the howling wind. She leaped over the waves like an arrow. I ran to the stern, unfastened a lantern and held it far out over the water. Five or six fathoms away Mar-tin was dancing about among the waves, which at times held him almost upright. When he saw me in the light of the lantern, he stretched out one hand toward me and his lips moved as if to speak. I leaned toward him with my hand to my ear, to hear the last words of the poor fellow. They came to me clear and strong above the roar of the

"Tell mother to give my money to Mary!" "An enormous wave came along, leveled the surface of the sea, and I saw nothing but the deep furrow of the vessel as she ran fr the jaws of death."

Hawsley stopped and turned his face in harsh repreach upon Josiah Burnham. "And Mary?" I questioned. "She was the girl who was to have become Martin's wife," was the reply, "and his direction about the money was as sacred

as any formal will that ever was signed and sealed. Yet it was legally worthless, be-cause the money was technically the proper-ty of his mother." "And she would not obey his wish?"
"She died before there was time to make "She died before there was time to make
the transfer, and Josiah Burnham—the obdurate man standing there—inherited from
her, and keeps it from the girl to whom it
rightfully belongs. I have told him time
and again what I think of it. Won't you,
Mr. Pardee, say something to him."

For a moment I was hesitant, and then I
said: "Mr. Burnham; a life of mere moneyaction is always a failure hearner you

said: "Mr. Burnham a life of mere moneygetting is always a failure, because you
will never get as much as you want. The
poorest people in this country are the
millionaires, and next to them those who
have half a million. There is not a sonsorgrinder ou the streets of New York that is
so anxious to make money as these men who
have wiled up fortunate ways after your have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire-bell ring. You ought to see them in



You ought to see their agitation when there is a proposed reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but Their nerves tremble like harp-atrings, but there is no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money-market. The disease of accumulation has saten into them—esten into their heart into eaten into them-caten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones. Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of benemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold and silver, and sinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That's not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it."

There was the theme upon which I composed much of my Christmas sermon, and I preached it with poor Martin Jeffries' money in my mind.